

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"SAVING THE SECRET
SUPersonic PLANE"



AT THE ARMY AIR FIELD, U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB USE THEIR SPECIAL PASSES TO SEE THE NEW SECRET SUPersonic PLANE. SUDDENLY...



LOOK! FIRE IN THE HANGAR!



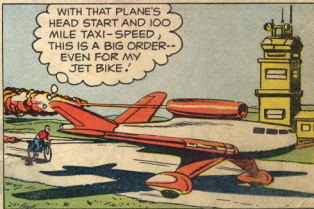
THOSE TWO FELLOWS RUNNING TOWARD THE PLANE--I DON'T LIKE THEIR LOOKS!

MAYBE THEY STARTED THE FIRE TO GET THE GUARD AWAY FROM THE PLANE!



LOOK, ROYAL, THEY'RE MAKING OFF WITH THE PLANE!

THEY WON'T GET FAR IF I CAN HELP IT... MEANWHILE, YOU FELLAS NOTIFY THE F.B.I.



WITH THAT PLANE'S HEAD START AND 100 MILE TAXI-SPEED, THIS IS A BIG ORDER--EVEN FOR MY JET BIKE!



JUST AS THE POWERFUL PLANE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE GROUND, U.S. JAMS THE PLANE'S ELEVATORS, PREVENTS THE TAKE-OFF!

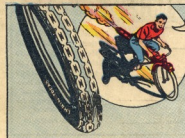
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WE HATE TO THINK WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF THESE FELLOWS HAD GOTTEN AWAY WITH THE ARMY'S SECRET PLANE...THE F.B.I. CAN THANK YOU BOYS FOR SEEING THAT THEY DIDN'T.

AND WE CAN THANK OUR U.S. ROYALS FOR REAL BIKE SPEED WITH SAFETY!



FELLAS, WHEN YOU GO FOR ALL-OUT SPEED, YOU WANT TO BE SURE EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL. INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THEIR SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, FOR REAL CONTROL AT TOP SPEED.



"FOR SPEED PLUS SAFETY, IT'S THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN FOR ME"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, GIVE YOU TOP PERFORMANCE AND PERFECT CONTROL. NO WONDER U.S. IS AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING BIKE TIRE!

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires

UNITED STATES COMPANY
Serving the Nation



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

POLICE

COMICS

OCTOBER
No.83

10¢

**PLASTIC
man**

CROWNS

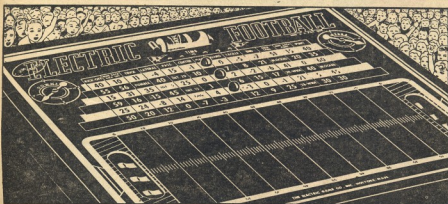
*The King of
Crime!*

STILL 52 PAGES



NEW! Jim Prentice, Amazing, Exciting, 1949, ELECTRIC FOOTBALL

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC CO., 85 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.



GET SET for Breathtaking ACTION

This wonderful electric game is loaded with football, true-to-life action. It takes a keen knowledge of the game to win—no outsmart, outplay your man. Electric keys at each end of the playing field, send currents through a maze of wires. Lights flash on the play! Yards gained or lost depend on the keys secretly pressed by you and your opponent. It's a thrill when you hit the right combination... go tearing through for a long run.

Originally this game sold for \$5. Today it is 100 per cent better in every way and sells for one-half the price. \$2.50 complete. It is an amazing value for the money.



Hi BOYS!
ELECTRIC FOOTBALL, besides being one hundred of a game to play, is a most attractive article. The frame is ponderosa pine, lacquered bright yellow. The game's handsome top is coated with a special non-discoloring film that always keeps clean and shiny.
The electric switch keys are nickel-plated. Each key, when pressed, closes three circuits. No. 22 tinned copper wire is used with brass sockets three circuits. Each of the 19 connections is securely soldered by experts. The lamps (1.25 volts flashlight bulbs) are beautifully colored.

ELECTRIC GAME ARE TOP FOR THIR

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE RUSH TODAY

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.
85 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

Amount Enclosed

- ☐ Electric Football \$2.50
- ☐ Electric Baseball \$3.00
- ☐ Electric Bowling \$2.50
- ☐ Electric Marblelille \$1.00
- ☐ Super Ki Football \$10.00
- ☐ C.O.D. \$1 deposit. Postman collects balance.
- ☐ Full payment with order — no collection.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

ALL GAMES POSTPAID

Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE **RUBBER MASKS**



The Monkey
\$2.95



Satan
\$2.95



Old Man
\$2.95



Old Lady
\$2.95

OTHER SUBJECTS

Beggar, \$2.95

Special
SANTA CLAUS, \$4.95



Clown
\$2.95



IDIOT . . \$2.95

Yes here is Halfwit in all his goofiness.
People howl with laughter when you
put on this life-like mask.

RUSH COUPON NOW!

Rubber-For-Molds, Inc.
6044 Avondale Ave., Dept 53-N Chicago 31, Illinois
Send me Rubber Masks as listed below:

- () Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage.
- () Ship postpaid. Payment in full enclosed herewith.

NAME..... P.O. ZONE.....
STREET.....
CITY..... STATE.....



IT PULLS ON
OVER THE
HEAD LIKE
A DIVER'S
HELMET

NOW WATCH ME HAVE
SOME FUN WITH THE
GANG TONIGHT AT
THE MASQUERADE



THE MYSTERI-
OUS CLOWN
SURE HAS THE
GIRLS ALL AGOG

WHO IS HE
AND WHERE
DID HE GET
THAT MASK?

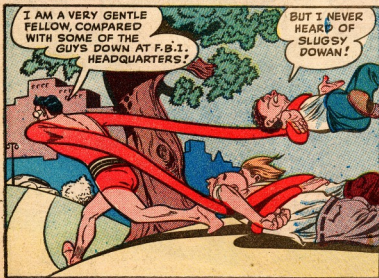
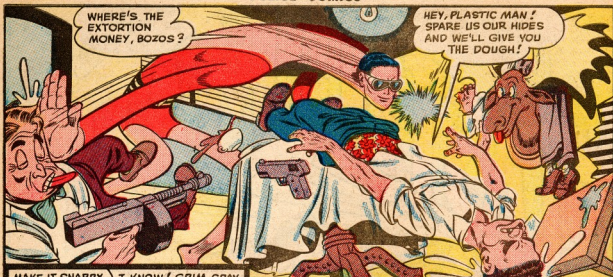
SEND NO MONEY!

Just mail coupon below. **ORDER MASKS BY NAME**
as listed in this ad. All masks priced at \$2.95, except Santa
Claus (\$4.95). When package arrives pay postman the price
plus C.O. D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with
order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All
masks guaranteed perfect.

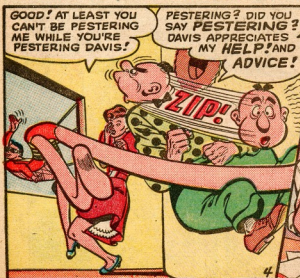
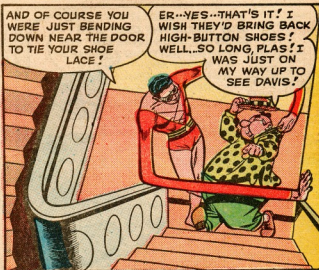
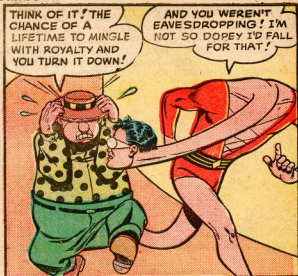
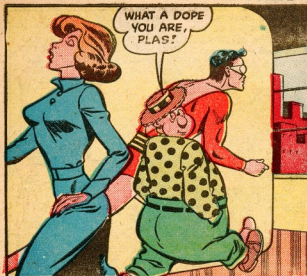
RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS INC.

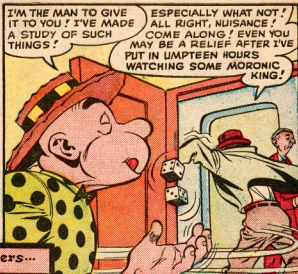
6044 Avondale Ave., Dept. 53-N, Chicago 31, Illinois



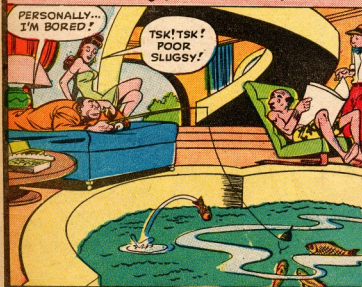


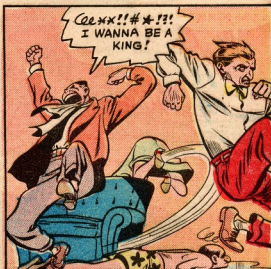
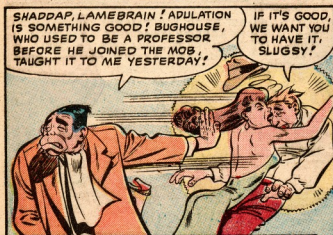
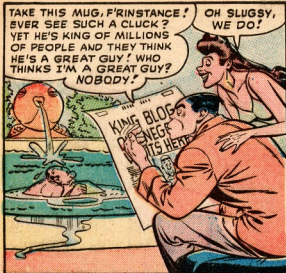


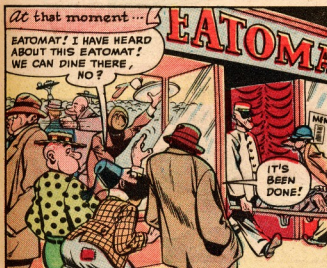


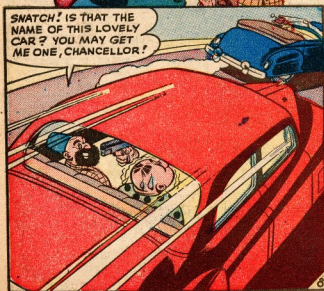
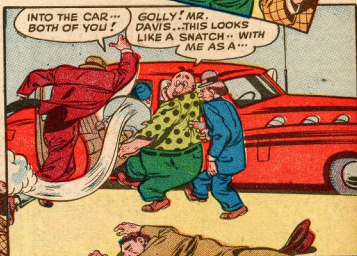
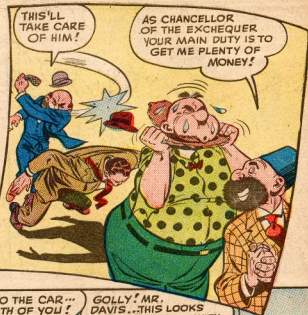
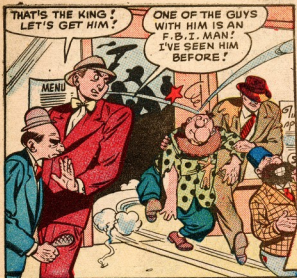


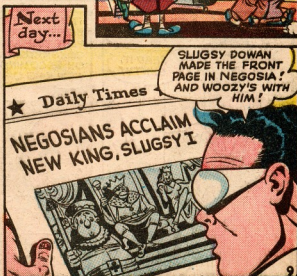
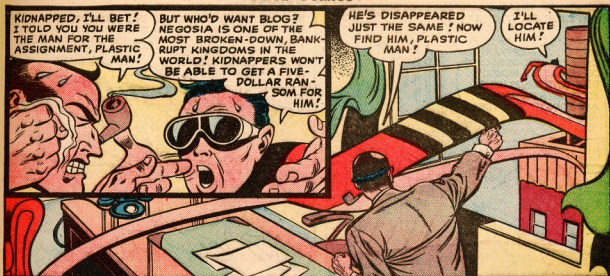
Meanwhile, at Slugsy Dowan's headquarters...

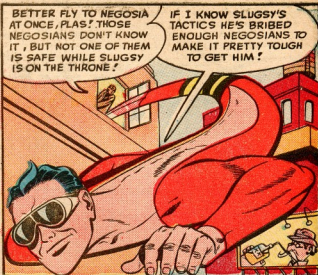
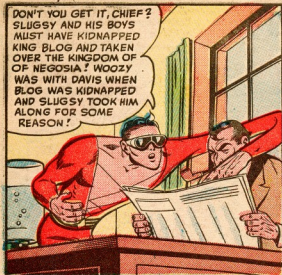


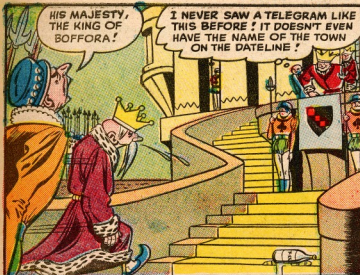






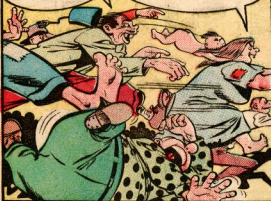




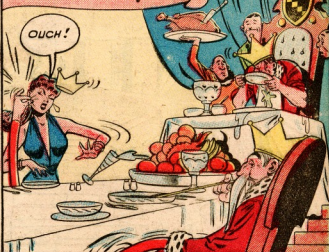


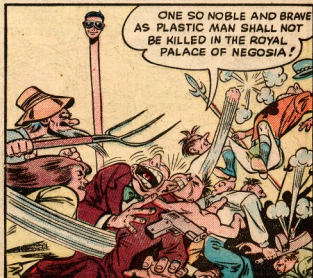
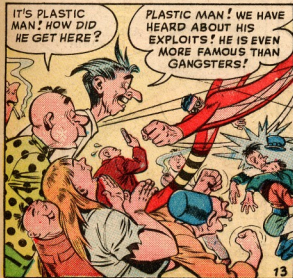
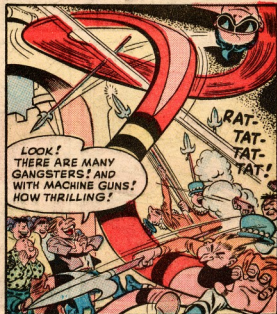
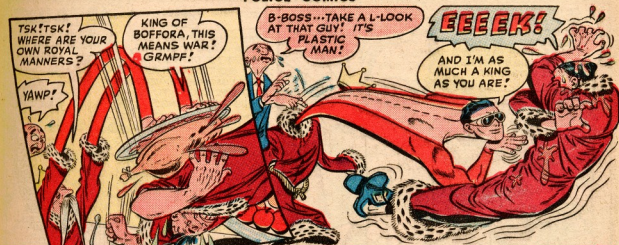
LET US HURRY TO THE PALACE, MY FRIENDS! WE MUST SEE THIS MARVEL WITH OUR OWN EYES!

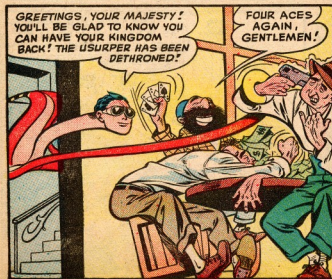
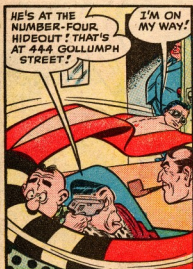
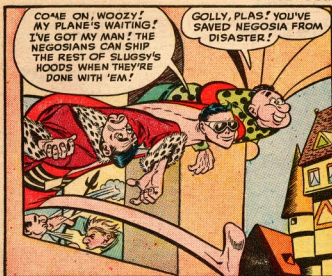
A REAL GANGSTER! GOODNESS! DO YOU THINK WE CAN PERSUADE HIM TO MACHINE GUN SOMEBODY JUST LIKE IN THE MOVIES?



While at the banquet ...



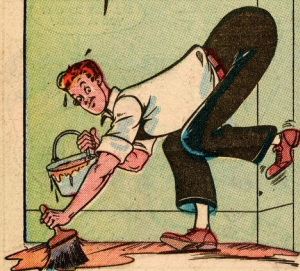






HONEYBUN

THANK
GOODNESS!
ONLY ONE
MORE FLOOR
TO VARNISH!



I'M GLAD WE'RE
ALMOST THROUGH!
I KEPT FEELING ALL
ALONG THAT I
MIGHT BE TRIPPED
UP BY HONEYBUN...
IN THAT COLORFUL
WAY OF HIS!



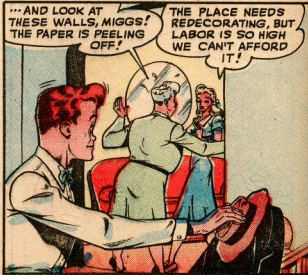
WOW! \$4.40 PER... BUT
IT'S WORTH IT! MIGGS AND
I HAVE BEEN WANTING TO
SEE THIS SHOW FOR A
LONG TIME! I'LL HURRY
HOME AND SURPRISE
HER.

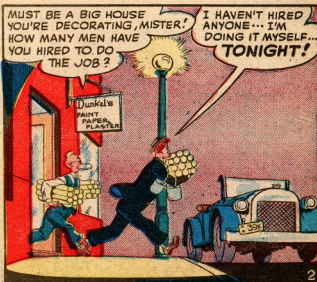
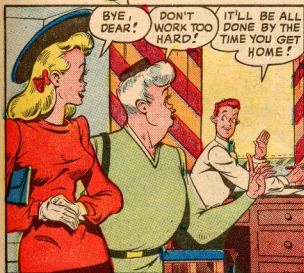
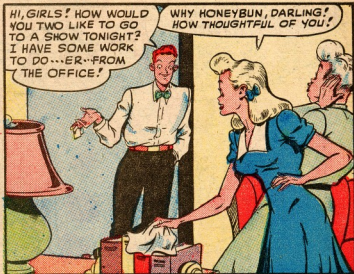
The
Housepainter's
Daughter

A Marble River Scan

...AND LOOK AT
THESE WALLS, MIGGS!
THE PAPER IS PEELING
OFF!

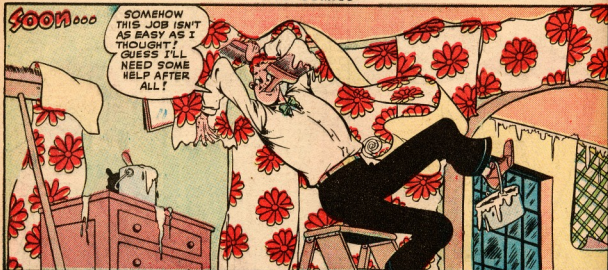
THE PLACE NEEDS
REDECORATING, BUT
LABOR IS SO HIGH
WE CAN'T AFFORD
IT!



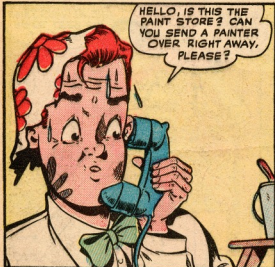


SOON!!!

SOMEHOW
THIS JOB ISN'T
AS EASY AS I
THOUGHT!
GUESS I'LL
NEED SOME
HELP AFTER
ALL!



HELLO, IS THIS THE
PAINT STORE? CAN
YOU SEND A PAINTER
OVER RIGHT AWAY,
PLEASE?



THAT GUY SURE WAS IN
A HURRY! HE HUNG UP
WITHOUT GIVING ME HIS
NAME AND ADDRESS!



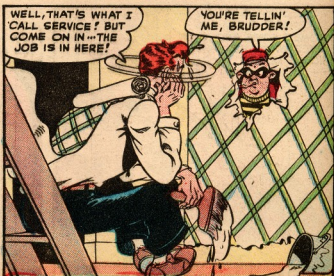
A few minutes later...

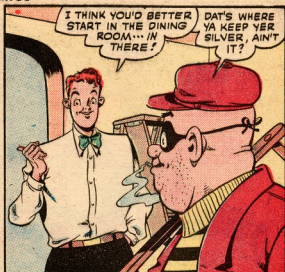
HOPE I GET SUMP'N
OUTTA DIS HOUSE!
BUSINESS AIN'T BEEN
TOO GOOD SINCE I
GOT OUTTA DA
CLINK!

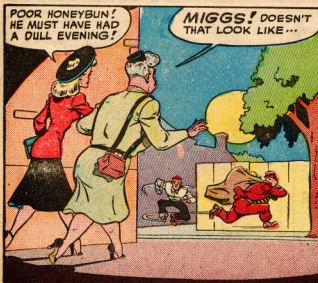
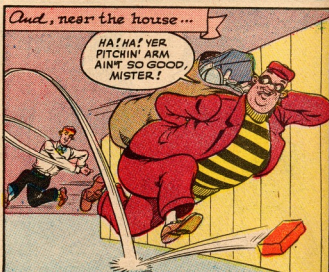


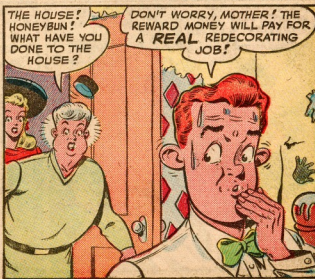
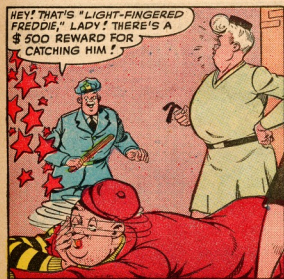
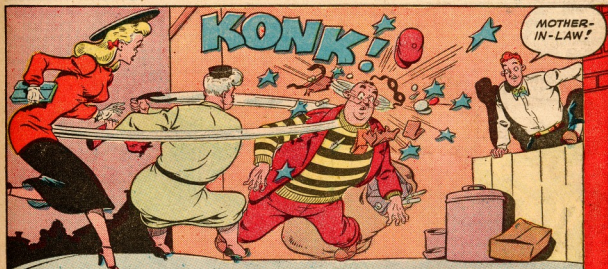
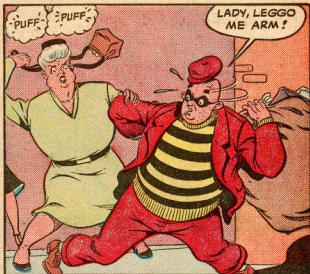
WELL, THAT'S WHAT I
'CALL SERVICE! BUT
COME ON IN--THE
JOB IS IN HERE!

YOU'RE TELLIN'
ME, BRUDDER!

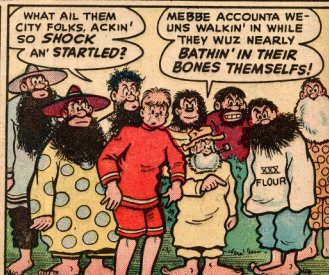
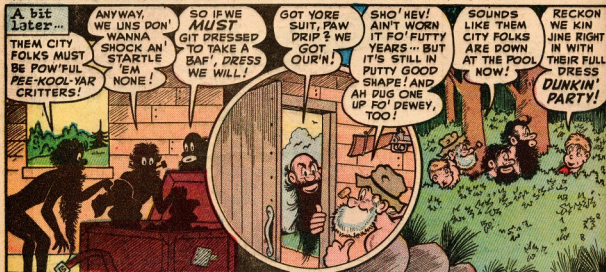
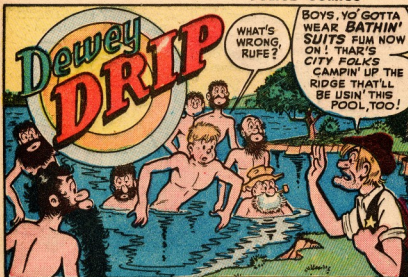


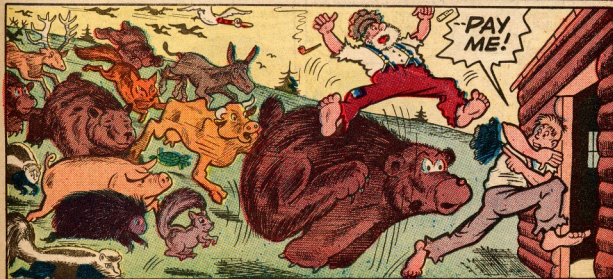
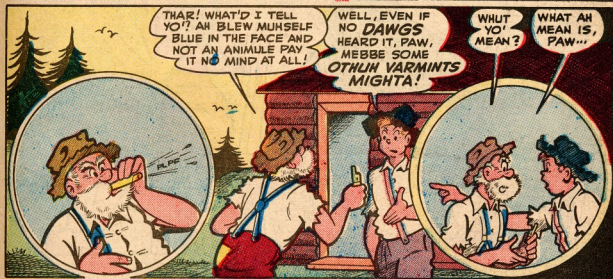




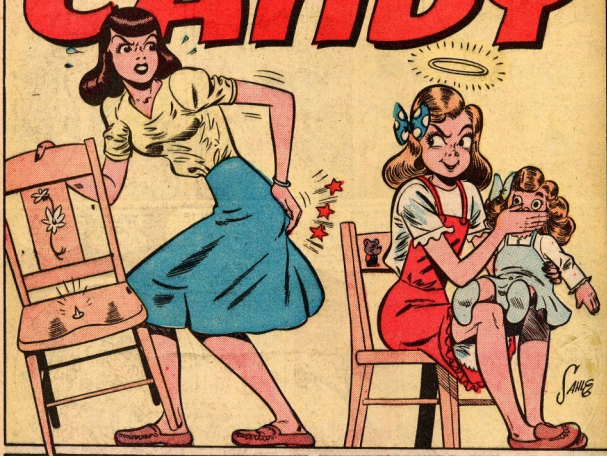


DON'T WORRY, MOTHER! THE REWARD MONEY WILL PAY FOR A REAL REDECORATING JOB!





CANDY



TIMOTHY O'CONNOR!
HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT
ABOUT YOUR OWN
BROTHER?

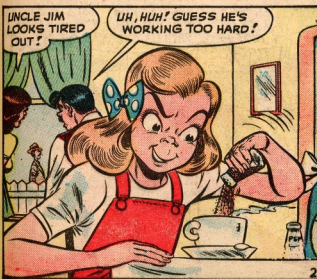
IT'S THE TRUTH,
AGNES! HE WAS A
BRAT, AND NOW HE
WANTS TO PARK HIS
KID WITH US!

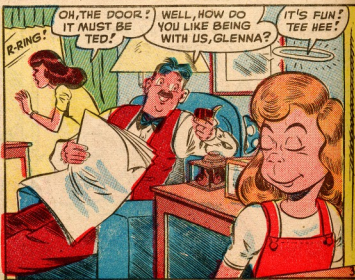
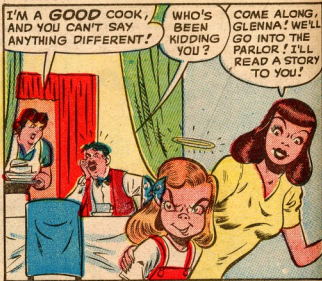


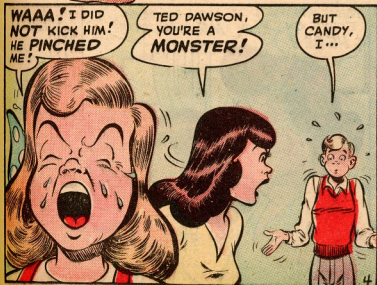
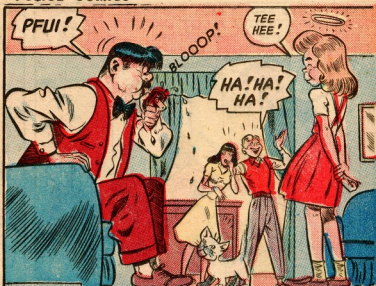
HER PICTURES ARE SWEET
LOOKING, DAD! AND BESIDES,
SHE'LL ONLY BE HERE A FEW
DAYS!

WELL, MAYBE
YOU'RE RIGHT!
BUT I CAN'T
SEE WHY HE
CAN'T TAKE HER
WITH HIM WHEN
HE TRAVELS!









I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
TED'S DOING A THING
LIKE THAT!

HMM, YOU LOOK
A LOT LIKE YOUR
FATHER,
GLENNA!

DO
I?

AND LITTLE
RED RIDING
HOOD...

R-RING!

OOOH, THE
TELEPHONE!
I'LL ANSWER IT,
CANDY DEAR!

... CANDY'S OUT ON THE
PORCH WITH ANOTHER
FELLA...

ULP!
ANOTHER
FELLA?

WHERE IS
HE? WHERE
IS HE?

WHAT'S
EATING
YOU?

WHERE'S CANDY
AND THAT GUY
SHE'S WITH?

CANDY'S UPSTAIRS
PUTTING GLENNA TO
BED AND THERE IS
NO GUY HERE!
LET'S TALK THIS
THING OVER!

WELL, WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE?

BACK SO SOON,
MR. DAWSON?

I'M CONVINCED THAT GLENNA IS JUST AS MUCH A BRAT AS JIM EVER WAS! NO WONDER HE WANTED TO TAKE A TRIP! HE HAD TO GET AWAY FROM GLENNA!



WHAT A HORRIBLE THING TO SAY! WHY, SHE'S A LITTLE ANGEL!

SHE CERTAINLY IS! IMAGINE YOU TWO BIG MEN PICKING ON AN INNOCENT CHILD!

INNOCENT, SHE SAYS!



WELL, CAN I DRIVE YOU TO SCHOOL TOMORROW, ANYWAY?

ALL RIGHT! BUT YOU'VE GOT TO PROMISE TO BE NICE TO GLENNA!



Next day...

OUT PLAYING SO EARLY, GLENNA?

HULLO, GLENNA!

UH HUH! HI!



I'M GLAD IT STOPPED RAINING SO I CAN FINISH MY WASH!

THE GROUND'S ALL MUDDY, TOO!



AGNES! WHERE ARE YOU?

GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S TIM DOING BACK HOME? DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING, DEAR, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

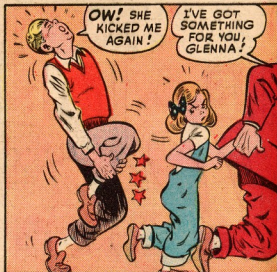
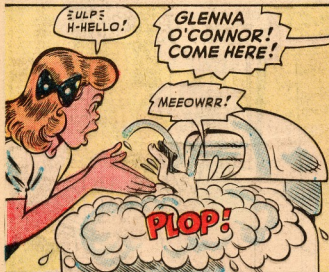
UH HUH!



MY PAPERS ARE GONE
AND MY BRIEFCASE IS
STUFFED WITH OLD
NEWSPAPERS!

ALL MY
TIRES ARE
FLAT!

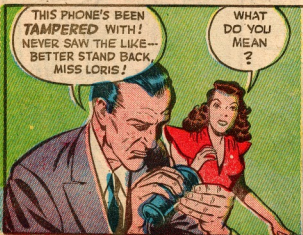
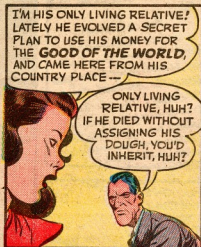
MY FRENCH
BOOK IS
GLUED
TOGETHER!



WAAA!
WAAA!

SPANK!
SPANK!







I KNEW THE NUMBER! JONAS DUBRICK WROTE ME A LETTER!



NOT **TOO** LATE TO HELP CLEAR UP THIS SHOOTING! I'M SPANDRILL, A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, AND I GOT HUNCHES ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED!



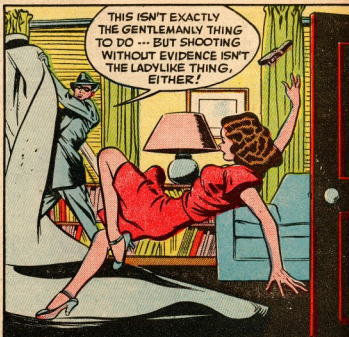
SO THIS IS THE WEAPON RIGGED TO KILL HIM WHEN I PHONED! I SEE FINGER-PRINTS---



DON'T ACCUSE ANYONE WITHOUT **THINKING**, SPANDRILL! SUPPOSE WE LEARN EVERY THING WE CAN FIRST!



YOU ALONE KNEW THE PHONE NUMBER! YOU CALLED TO KILL MY **UNCLE**!





But it is not the police number that Spandril has dialed....

LOOK, CHIEF, I DID IT! AND I GOT THE EVIDENCE, THE ONE PAPER WITH HIS PLAN WRITTEN OUT IN FULL! THE COPS CAN HAVE EITHER ONE OF TWO SWELL SUSPECTS I'VE FRAMED TO TAKE THE FALL!



NICE THING IS I'LL BE ESTABLISHED AS A SMART PRIVATE DICK! I CAN FRONT FOR OUR OUTFIT ON OTHER JOBS! COME ON OVER--

GLAD YOU'RE INVITING YOUR ACCOMPLICES HERE SPANDRILL! I SAW YOU TAKE THE PAPER FROM THAT COAT! I FIGURED DUBRICK'S PLAN, ANYWAY!



DUBRICK WAS SETTING UP A MASTER CRIME LABORATORY! YOU WERE HIRED TO KILL HIM BY GANG CHIEFS WHO COULDN'T AFFORD SUCH A MENACE!

OKAY! SO I DID IT! SNEAKED IN TO RIG THAT RECEIVER-GUN ---- SENT A TELEGRAM WHERE I KNEW YOU'D GET IT AND PHONE HIM!



NOW WHEN YOUR FELLOW CONSPIRATORS ARRIVE ---

THEY OUGHT TO BE HERE RIGHT NOW, SPIRIT!



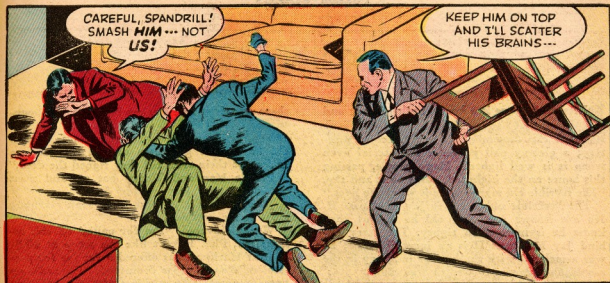
WE WERE RIGHT ON THE SAME FLOOR, SPIRIT! AND WE GOT YOU!

GRAB HIM OFF OF THERE, SPANDRILL!



DON'T WORRY---I'LL COME DOWN ---AND SO WILL YOU!





The Secret Dungeon

IN Ashfork there is a house, built of rock and cement, that has stood longer than the oldest residents can remember. It is a house of mystery; a gloomy pall pervades its interior even when it is well lighted. Many people, passing this house on the highroad, point to it and say, "The terrible old man—there is where he lives."

The "terrible old man" is Jay Harkness II. No one knows just how old he is, but they know he is more than eighty. The story behind Jay Harkness II is an incredible one; he was associated with the lumber industry in the north, and his rise to wealth was rapid.

Harkness took a serious interest in the lumber business on the death of his father, the original Jay Harkness, and from that day on the son grew more powerful.

By the time he was fifty, he owned all the most productive tracts in the territory. But he was bitterly hated. He had acquired most of the land by freezing small owners out.

Jay Harkness II was still hated; the passing years had done nothing to soften the opinion his associates held of him.

It is said that beneath Jay Harkness' big house there is a dungeon where honest men were once tortured into signing over their holdings to this lumber tycoon. Just how true this is, nobody knows. Certainly no one in Ashfork has seen the room. But still the evil rumor persists.

"It's there, all right," said Jed Monahan, one evening in the Emporium Store. He was talking to a traveling salesman who had brought up the subject of the room.

"I know it's there," went on Monahan, "because one of the McCandless boys—he's an old man now—had his thumbs cut off in that room just so he'd sell out to Harkness."

The salesman shivered. "It sounds like something out of a fairy tale," he said. "I'd like to see the room, if there really is one."

Two strangers in the store, which also served as the Ashfork bus station, were listening to this conversation. They were Plastic Man, the rubber whirlwind of the F. B. I., and his dopey but likeable co-worker, Woozy Winks. The pair had come to Ashfork on an early bus and were hanging around the store to pick up information on the same subject the men were discussing.

Woozy nudged Plastic Man. "Hear that, Plas?"

Plastic Man nodded and signalled to Woozy to stow the gab.

Monahan was talking again. He said, "Then

there was them two Deaken brothers, who owned the East River tract. I think it was about 1903 that Harkness wanted that tract, so what did he do but get them two in his dungeon and twist their arms till they signed the deed."

Plastic Man and Woozy got up and went outside. It was just getting dark.

"Say," said Plastic Man, "old man Harkness must be a good sport, eh?"

Woozy shivered. "I'm for callin' off this assignment, Plas. I don't like the setup at all."

"But Harkness has offered a fat fee for protection, Woozy," Plas demurred. "We can't afford to turn down a thing like this until we find out more about it."

Woozy wasn't satisfied with that sort of logic. "But what if he tosses us into that hole?" he asked.

"He won't," said Plastic Man. "Don't worry."

When Plastic Man and Woozy reached the ugly, rambling Harkness house, a somber-faced Swede met them at the door.

"Th' master be upstairs in his study," the Swede told them. "He bane expectin' ye."

They started up a huge staircase, which led them into the gloom of the upper rooms. Beyond an open door at the head of the stairs they could see an old man sitting bolt upright in an easy chair. He bellowed an invitation for them to enter.

"I'm Harkness," he barked in a foghorn voice. "Set down."

Jay Harkness II wasted little time getting down to business. It seems he had asked Plastic Man to take a job as his bodyguard because he had heard of his great success in foiling other plots to murder rich men. Now the old man amplified his wishes.

"I'm rich," he said. "I'll double what I first offered, if you get the devils who are trying to kill me. They're around here somewhere."

Plastic Man leaned forward in the chair he had taken. "You have no clues to their identity, sir?" he asked.

"No definite ones. But I have an idea that a gang run by Clem McCandless is making the threats. He used to be a lumberjack, afore he took to evil schemin'. If you get him, I think you'll have the ringleader."

"McCandless," Plastic Man's mind clicked. That was the name of the man who had lost his thumbs in the mystery room. Perhaps, now that Harkness was afraid he'd be killed, he would be easier to approach on the question of the room.

"Mr. Harkness," said Plastic Man, taking a shot in the dark, "is there a dungeon under your house? I've heard tales of it around town."

Harkness glared; then a slow grin softened his stern face. "Why, yes," he said. "I guess you'd call it a dungeon. You see, my father was a student of ancient history, and he liked a touch of realism around the house. He built such a room below the basement. But I haven't been down there in years."

"I'd like to see it," said Plastic Man.

Harkness started. "What for?" he demanded. "What's that got to do with your finding a would-be murderer?"

"You want me to take your case, sir?" said Plastic Man. "If so, then I wish to see that room."

Harkness bellowed for the Swede. When the man entered, the old tycoon rubbed his hands. "Take these fellers down to the dungeon," he ordered. "Stay with 'em till they see their fill."

The dungeon lay three floors underground. To reach it the men had to walk down a crooked stone stairway, eroded and mouldy from the effects of moisture and time. At the bottom of the stairs a heavy iron door creaked when the Swede opened the old-fashioned lock with a monstrous key.

A solid stone cubicle, the room resembled an ancient torture chamber. Rusty rings and antique handcuffs hung on the walls. Lengths of rusty chain littered the floor. In the center of the room was a rack, where some poor devils had no doubt been twisted into painful submission.

After Plastic Man had noticed that a small door was cut in the wall across the room, he signalled that he had seen enough. The Swede said nothing as he led them upstairs again.

"I'll take the case," Plastic Man told Harkness, when they were back in the study.

"That's the spirit," beamed Harkness. "And you'll stay here, of course. Dinner is at eight."

He waved his hand and nodded, seemingly a signal that the interview was over. After Plas and Wozy had left the old man, the Swede butler accompanied them to two adjoining rooms on the same floor. Then he disappeared.

After dinner, a silent affair, Plastic Man and Wozy returned immediately to their rooms. And at midnight, when Wozy was snoring peacefully, Plastic Man sneaked out into the hall and tiptoed down the stairs. It was an easy matter to find the dungeon stairway and just as easy to slip into the room without opening the heavy door. Plastic Man could make himself paper-thin when occasion demanded.

He went at once to the small door on the far side of the room. Fortunately, it was unlocked. Pulling the door open, Plastic Man saw a closet of shelves, on which were stacked several rows of large, musty books. He pulled one of the volumes out and found it filled with names and dates. After each such entry there

was a description of the method of "persuasion" used to force the victim to sign deeds. "Rack . . . Imprisonment 15 days . . . Starvation" were some of the items of torture and coercion listed.

"Hm," said Plastic Man, "quite a volume."

Since the entries went back more than 150 years, Plastic Man surmised they began with Jay Harkness' grandfather. This was the history of three generations of torturers—three generations of lumber barons.

The light in the dungeon suddenly went out. Plastic Man whirled. A gun flashed, and a slug spattered against the stone wall above his head. Dropping to the floor he felt a heavy boot slap against his rubbery leg. With one snaky hand he grabbed for the boot.

But his unseen opponent was powerful and slippery. He twisted loose from the rubber man's grasp and moved away unseen in the darkness. Plastic Man leaped to his feet and shot out an arm fully five yards. His groping hand snared a leg. He gripped hard in an effort to paralyze the intruder. The man howled with pain, and let go another pistol shot.

"Save your bullets," warned Plastic Man. "They won't harm me. I know who you are, and I've got the whole story back of your rotten lumber empire. Turn on the light, Harkness!"

The light suddenly came on. But old man Harkness couldn't refrain taking one more pot shot point blank at Plastic Man. It struck harmlessly and ricocheted off the wall. Plastic Man laughed mirthlessly.

"You didn't hire me to do this particular bit of spying," the rubber man said. "But I had to get both sides of the story before I started protecting you from the threats of other people. No wonder your life is being threatened. You're a sadistic thief—one of the worst I've ever come across. But there's one thing you're going to do, before we go any farther. You're going to give back the holdings you stole, and those your father and grandfather stole before you."

"How?" rasped the old man, glaring. "Most of the original owners are dead and gone."

"I don't mean those who suffered originally," Plastic Man said. "But many of your victims have relatives, heirs. I'm keeping this volume. You'll either promise to do this tomorrow, or I'll turn this book over to the authorities. Which will it be, Harkness?"

"All right," grumbled Jay Harkness II. "You win. But blast ye, I'd like to pin ye on that rack yonder! Ye wouldn't be so cocky."

Plastic Man laughed. "You forget, sir, I'm a rubber man. You could stretch me as far as you wanted to, and it wouldn't matter."

He held open the door to the stone stairway and prodded Harkness before him. "Speaking of stretches," he said, "you ought to have a long one coming to you in a dungeon just like this one."

Mankhunter

A HAND! A powerful terrifying hand that craves the feel of helpless throats!

MANHUNTER and **THOR** need all their might and ingenuity as they face the baffling menace of the dread **STRANGLING HAND!**



As Dan Richards is about to go off duty...

I THOUGHT I'D DROP IN ON MY WAY BACK TO THE PRECINCT STATION, MR. CURTIS! I'D LIKE TO SELL YOU A PAIR OF TICKETS TO THE POLICEMEN'S BALL!

A PAIR? I'LL TAKE THREE PAIR, DAN MY BOY!



A Marble River Scan

THREE PAIR! GOSH, THANKS, MR. CURTIS! THIS'LL GIVE ME THE RECORD DOWN AT THE STATION!

THINK NOTHING OF IT, DAN! IT'S LITTLE ENOUGH TO DO FOR YOU FELLOWS!



A GOOD GUY,
THAT MR.
CURTIS!



AGH-H!

WH... WHY, THAT
SCREAM CAME
FROM MR. CURTIS'S
OFFICE!



GREAT
GUMBO!



IT...IT LOOKED LIKE
JUST A HAND! A
POWERFUL HAND,
THAT DIDN'T BELONG
TO ANYBODY!



NOBODY HERE! THIS IS A GROUND
FLOOR WINDOW, AND WHOEVER
OWNED THE HAND COULD HAVE
DISAPPEARED AROUND THE
CORNER BY NOW...THAT
IS, IF ANYONE OWNED
THE HAND!



TOO LATE TO DO
ANYTHING FOR MR.
CURTIS! HE'S
DEAD!



In a flash, Dan Richards becomes Manhunter...



THOR OUGHT TO BE SOMEWHERE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD! I SAW HIM LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO!

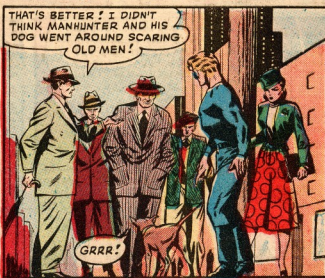


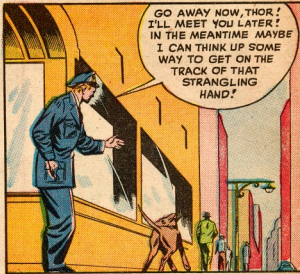
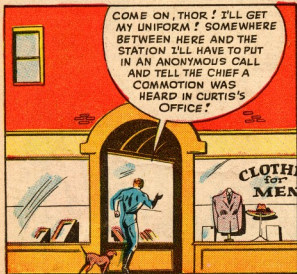
Manhunter's whistle brings Thor to his side...



GRRRR!







GOOD! HE SAID YOU COULD MEET HIM IN HALF AN HOUR AT THE PARK ENTRANCE!

I'LL BE THERE!

Half an hour later...

HERE COMES DICK NOW! HE LOOKS PRETTY EAGER, TOO! AND HE'LL BE PERFECT FOR THIS JOB BECAUSE HE'S JUST ABOUT CURTIS'S SIZE!

HELLO, DICK! I'M GLAD YOU CAME! NOW, ABOUT THE CURTIS CASE... THE STRANGLING HAND COMMITTED A MURDER BUT PROBABLY NEVER EVEN GOT A LOOK AT THE VICTIM! IF A HAND CAN BE SAID TO LOOK!

I'M LISTENING, MAN-HUNTER!

I SAY THAT BECAUSE CURTIS OBVIOUSLY STOOD WITH HIS BACK TO THE WINDOW AND THE HAND CAME IN FROM BEHIND HIM! A KILLER LIKE THAT WOULD BE VERY DISAPPOINTED IF HE THOUGHT HE HADN'T REALLY GOTTEN HIS MAN!

I GET IT! YOU WANT ME TO PLANT A STORY IN MY PAPER THAT THE STRANGLING HAND DIDN'T GET CURTIS, BUT SOMEBODY ELSE BY MISTAKE!

YOU CATCH ON FAST, DICK! TONIGHT YOU'LL PRETEND YOU'RE CURTIS IN HIS HOME! IT'S A SAFE BET THE STRANGLING HAND WILL TRY AGAIN! AND THOR AND I'LL BE THERE TO GET HIM!

GRAWK! IF I DIDN'T KNOW MANHUNTER DOESN'T MISS, I'D WORRY!

As the next edition of the Evening Cry comes out...

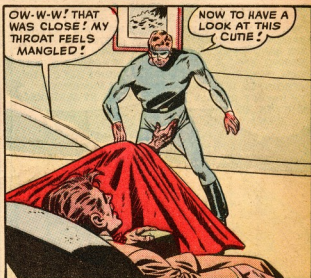
Strangling Hand Got Wrong Victim! CURTIS ALIVE!

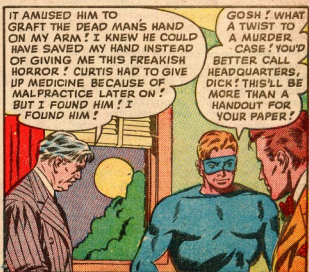
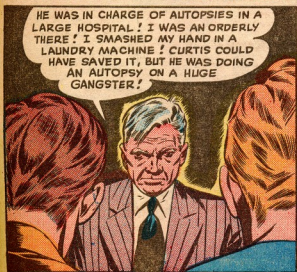
THAT'LL DO IT! WE'LL PICK DICK UP NOW AND GO OUT TO THE CURTIS PLACE!

That night in the Curtis home...

NOW JUST SIT TIGHT, DICK! THOR AND I WILL BE CLOSE BY WHEN IT HAPPENS!

I'LL TRY TO SIT TIGHT, BUT DO YOU MIND IF MY NERVES JUMP A BIT!





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famous
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Yes, it's back again... but only in limited quantities! We've managed to obtain a limited number of these fast, efficient typewriters that we can offer **you** at a price you can't beat! Now, for only \$3.98 you can enjoy the speed and accuracy of a Simplex Typewriter with new improved features:

- ★ Automatic Inking Operation
- ★ An Individual Key For Each Letter
- ★ Jiffy Spacing Bar
- ★ Shifts From CAPITAL to SMALL LETTERS

Hey Kids! ... like to make a big hit with teachers and get better grades in school? It's easy when you turn in neat, accurately typed papers. Don't delay a moment longer! Order your Simplex Portable Typewriter **today** and find out how much fun it is to do your homework the easy, time-saving way!

SEND NO MONEY
Merely clip ad and mail to-day. Then pay postman only \$3.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If not delighted return untempered within 10 days for a speedy refund.



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BECAUSE YOU**

Make Money With Your Own

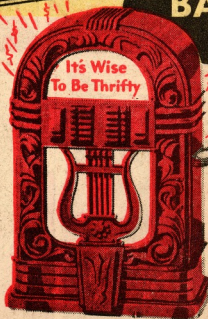
**JUKE BOX
BANK**

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For You Because

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YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!**

You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneless Juke Box down at the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because **everyone** wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's easy to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

SEND NO MONEY: send only your name and address. Then pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for speedy, cheerful refund.



Put Your Coins in
Slot and Press-in!

**JUKE BOX
BLAZES WITH LIGHT
AS IT FLASHES:**

It's Wise to Be Thrifty

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. JB-70